# The King And I

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# The King And I

by Bordementions

Summary

Your trainer takes you on a nice dinner date

Notes

Hi

Orfevre

Fluffy dinner date slightly ooc but I just wanna headcanon it as orf is softer now cause they are in a relationship leave me alone even I need love sometimes

Not beta read we die like rice shower

Thanks for reading

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

See the end of the work for more notes

The Tracen Academy staff lounge. After a work day like that, besides the comfort of your own couch there's really no other place you'd rather be. Just waiting here long enough to reduce the exhaustion radiating from your shoulders. You leaned back into the worn leather of the sofa, a lukewarm cup of coffee cradled in your palms, as you chatted with a few fellow trainers about the upcoming season's qualifiers. The air full of the scent of roasted coffee beans and the comfortable, tired camaraderie of people who spent their lives chasing seconds on a stopwatch.

"I'm telling you," one of your colleagues laughed, gesturing with a half-eaten donut, "if I can just get her to stop bolting at the final turn, we might actually—"

The laughter died mid-breath.

A sudden, oppressive silence swept through the room like a cold front. It started near the door and rippled outward, conversation snapping shut like books. You felt the familiar, heavy thrum of footsteps—too heavy and too scary to be human. Your coworkers, usually a boisterous bunch, were suddenly very interested in their shoes or the far corners of the ceiling.

A junior trainer near the entrance stood up, his voice cracking slightly. "Excuse me... this is a staff-only restricted area. You shouldn't be—"

He didn't finish, before some silent force seemed to abruptly make him stop.

You didn't need to turn around to know who it was. You simply sighed, a small, knowing smile tugging at the corner of your lips as a massive shadow stretched across the coffee table, eclipsing yours.

Standing behind you was Orfevre. His fiery orange hair cascaded down his back like a waterfall of molten copper, the beige coat of his regal attire draped over his shoulders. Those blue eyes swept the room with a gaze that treated the veteran trainers around you like nothing more than annoying dust motes.

"A 'restricted area'?" Orfevre's voice was heavy, so full of authority that even you considered bowing. He didn't even look at the stuttering junior trainer. "The King goes where the King pleases. To suggest otherwise is a tiresome display of insolence."

He moved closer, step by step. He came to a halt directly behind your

sofa, looming over you like a monument. The other trainers began to filter out of the room with frantic stealth, not wanting to be caught in the blast radius of whatever was to come.

"You," he said, his gaze finally dropping to rest on you.

"Me," you replied calmly, tilting your head back to look up—and up—at him. "Rough day at the track, Orf? Or did you just come here to remind the staff that you're the one in charge?"

For a fleeting second, the "Tyrant of the Turf" didn't look quite so tyrannical. His gaze shifted, his hand coming up to idly toy with the black and red ribbon on his ear. A faint, almost imperceptible flush touched his cheeks.

"Enough with the idle chatter, trainer," he huffed, though the bite was missing from his tone. He reached into the folds of his ornate coat and produced a stiff, gold-embossed card, tossing it onto the table in front of you. "I have grown weary of the Academy's drab scenery after training. I have... decreed that a change of pace is necessary for this evening."

You picked up the card. It was a reservation for L'Éclat du Roi—a restaurant so exclusive and expensive that most people had to wait six months just to see the menu. The reservation was for two. Tonight.

"A command, is it?" you asked, your eyes dancing with amusement as you looked at him.

Orfevre crossed his arms, his muscular shoulders tensing. "Indeed. I have made the necessary arrangements. You will accompany me this evening. You shall serve as my entertainment and witness to my splendor in a setting befitting my status. Do not mistake this for a request; it is a summons."

You saw the way his tail flicked nervously behind him, contradicting his haughty words. You knew him better than anyone—you knew that beneath the "King" was a guy who had spent hours picking the perfect venue, having become more fond of you than he would care to say. This wasn't a command. It was a date, wrapped in layers of golden pride.

You stood up, smoothing out your slacks. Even standing, you only reached his mid-chest, making you feel acutely aware of his sheer physical power. You offered him a playful, shallow bow.

"Well, if the King decrees it, how could a mere vassal refuse?" you teased, looking up at him. "I'd be honored to accompany you, Orfevre. I'll go get changed into something that won't embarrass his majesty."

The tension in Orfevre's posture gradually melted away. A brilliant, genuine radiance swept across his features—a smile he rarely showed even to you.

"Umu. A wise decision," he said, his voice regained its booming confidence as he turned toward the door, his cape billowing behind him. "See that you are punctual. As you should be aware, any self respecting ruler does not like to be kept waiting."

And that's how you got here.

You had managed to pull a floor-length dress from the back of your closet that didn't scream "underpaid civil servant," though standing next to Orfevre, even a diamond-encrusted gown might have felt like a rag.

He had traded his racing silks for a more formal suit. It was charcoal black with blood-red piping, tailored so perfectly it looked painted onto his body. The way his massive, gloved hand engulfed yours was a constant, grounding weight. He didn't lead you so much as he swept you along.

"Must you stare at the commoners, trainer?" Orfevre asked, his voice low as you approached the velvet ropes of L'Éclat du Roi. "Their pedestrian struggles are beneath your notice. Look only at that which is worthy."

"I can't help it, Orf," you chuckled, squeezing his hand. You had to crane your neck just to see his profile. "I think that man over there in the pinstripes is a Duke, and he looks like he's about to faint because we're walking past him. You're scaring the aristocracy."

Orfevre let out a sharp, haughty huff, though the way his thumb stroked the back of your hand was tellingly tender. "Let them tremble. It is a natural reaction to being eclipsed by the sun. Besides," he glanced down at you, his blue eyes softening for a fleeting second, "you are the one wearing that color. Acceptable… beyond measure."

"Acceptable? High praise from the King," you teased, leaning your shoulder against his solid bicep. "You know, you could try being a little less 'Your Majesty' tonight. You're so uptight, just relax. It's just dinner."

Orfevre stopped in his tracks, looking down at you with a mock-scandalized expression, his brow arching toward the golden ornaments in his hair. "Relax? You suggest the King should slouch like a common stable hand? Your insolence truly knows no bounds. Perhaps I should have you run laps for such a suggestion."

"You wouldn't," you said, grinning. "Who would keep you entertained if I'm busy sweating on the track? You'd be here all on your lonesome without any entertainment."

He paused, a flicker of something like amusement dancing in his eyes before he masked it with a regal sniff. "Hmph. A fair point. I suppose I shall endure your lack of decorum for the evening."

As you reached the front of the line, the crowd didn't just part; they practically evaporated. Wealthy socialites scrambled backward to avoid the path of the tyrant. Orfevre didn't even slow down. He reached the maître d', who looked like he wanted to dissolve into the floorboards.

"The King has arrived," he announced, his voice booming with effortless authority. "Our table. Now. My companion has been standing for far too long to warrant any delay."

"O-of course, Monsieur Orfevre! Right this way, please!" the man stammered, grabbing two menus with shaking hands and sprinting toward the back of the restaurant.

Orfevre led you through the dining room, his presence so massive and golden that the flickering candlelight of the other tables seemed to dim by comparison. He pulled out your chair himself—a rare gesture of favor—and waited until you were seated before taking his own place opposite you. The chair groaned slightly under his weight, but he sat with a posture so straight it made your own back ache just looking at him.

A waiter appeared instantly, appearing as if he'd been launched from a cannon.

"Bring a bottle of '96 Larmes du Centaure," Orfevre commanded, not even looking at the wine list.

The waiter bowed so low his nose nearly touched the tablecloth and scurried off.

"Larmes du Centaure?" you asked, raising an eyebrow as you unfolded

your napkin. "Sounds expensive. And also like something you made up. You're just showing off now."

The condensation on your water glass was the only thing cooler than the look Orfevre was giving the wine list. You, on the other hand, felt a bead of sweat prickle at your hairline as you stared at the menu. It was written in a cursive so flourished it looked like spiderwebs, and the prices—rendered in digits that made your bank account weep—were enough to give you vertigo.

"Orf," you whispered, leaning across the table until your nose was inches from the shimmering silk of his cravat. "I'm out of my league. What is a 'Truffle-Infused Glace de Viande with Reduction of Star-Anise'? Is that food?"

Orfevre's blue eyes flickered toward you, a faint, smug curve touching his lips. He didn't mock you, though. Instead, he reached out, his hand covering yours on the table before sliding over to catch the edge of your menu. He pulled it toward him, effectively merging your personal space into his.

"A King's vassal must be nourished with only the finest essences," he murmured, his voice dropping into a register that made the hair on your arms stand up. He pointed a sharp, manicured finger at a line of text.

"This. The Wagyu is sourced from a lineage almost as storied as my own. And the sea urchin... it has a certain... boldness that reminds me of your better days on the track."

You watched him as he scanned the options, his ears twitching occasionally as he weighed the flavor profiles. He was taking this incredibly seriously, his brow furrowed in a way that usually only happened when he was deciding how to embarrass a rival.

"Let's do that, then," you said, smiling at the intensity of his focus. "But I'm sharing with you. I want to see if your 'refined palate' actually knows its stuff, or if you're just picking the things with the most syllables."

"Insolent woman," he huffed, though he didn't pull his hand away from yours. "You would dare suggest my taste is anything less than absolute? Very well. We shall share. You will taste the brilliance of my choices and weep with gratitude."

You chuckled and turned, raising a hand to catch the attention of a

waitress who was currently serving a table of elderly socialites a few yards away. The woman made eye contact with you, gave a polite nod, and then... proceeded to spend the next three minutes meticulously describing the daily specials to the other table.

You didn't mind. The ambiance was nice, and the weight of Orfevre's hand was pleasant. "It's okay, she's busy," you started to say, turning back to Orfevre.

But the air in the booth had already dropped twenty degrees.

Orfevre's expression had shifted from "playfully arrogant" to "ready to start a war." His tail gave a violent, whip-like crack against the leg of the table, making the silverware rattle.

"Indignant cur."

The word didn't just leave his mouth; it commanded the room. Every diner within a thirty-foot radius froze. The waitress nearly dropped her tray, her head snapping toward your table with the wide-eyed terror of a gazelle spotting a lion in the tall grass.

"Monsieur?" the waitress stammered, abandoning the socialites mid-sentence.

"My companion has signaled you," Orfevre said, his voice a low, dangerous rumble that seemed to come from the very floorboards. "To ignore the beckoning of my property is to ignore me. Do you find your current task more pressing than the King's hunger? Should I personally oversee your dismissal for such a pathetic display of incompetence?"

"Orf, hey, it's fine! He was just—" you tried to intervene, reaching up to pat his forearm to bring him back down to earth.

"It is not fine," Orfevre snapped, though he didn't shrug you off. He kept his burning gaze fixed on the trembling waitress. "Take the order. Now. Before I decide this establishment is better suited as a stable."

The waitress fumbled for her notepad, her pen shaking so hard it looked like she was trying to write during an earthquake. You shot the poor woman an apologetic look, a "sorry-my-girlfriend-thinks-he's-Napoleon" grimace, and quickly rattled off the dishes you and Orfevre had selected.

"And another bottle of the Larmes," Orfevre added, his tone cooling

only slightly as the waitress bowed frantically and bolted for the kitchen.

The arrival of the food was less of a delivery and more of a procession. Plating that looked like modern art was laid out before you, the Larmes du Centaure glowing a deep, bruised purple in the crystal flutes. As you took your first tentative sip of the wine, your eyes widened. It tasted beyond anything you'd ever had before, a heady warmth that immediately began to soften the edges of the room.

"It's... actually incredible," you admitted, swirling the liquid. "I take it back. You know your stuff."

Orfevre let out a low, vibrating hum of triumph. "Naturally. The King's tongue does not lie."

He didn't wait for you to pick up your own utensils. Instead, he took his silver fork, meticulously skewered a piece of the meat—glistening with that reduction—and held it out across the table.

"Open," he commanded, his eyes locking onto yours with an intensity that made your heart do a frantic little dressage hop. "This cut was prepared specifically for my favor. It would be a crime against the heavens for you to let it cool. Eat."

You felt the heat rising to your cheeks, not just from the wine, but from the sheer domesticity of the gesture. You looked at the fork, then up at his confident expression.

"Is that a royal decree, Your Majesty?" you asked, your voice dipping into that dry, sarcastic lilt you knew he secretly adored. "Am I to be force-fed like a prize yearling?"

"It is a privilege," he countered. "One that many would sacrifice their lives for. Do not make me repeat myself."

You rolled your eyes but leaned in, parting your lips and accepting the bite. The meat practically dissolved on your tongue, a burst of rich, savory umami that made you let out an involuntary moan of approval.

Orfevre's gaze darkened with a sudden, sharp hunger that had nothing to do with the menu. He watched your throat as you swallowed, his gloved thumb tracing the edge of his own wine glass.

"Umu. Good work," he murmured, his voice dropping a bit huskier.

As the meal progressed and the bottle of Larmes began to reach its end, the distance between you felt like a memory from a different lifetime. The alcohol had loosened the tension in Orfevre's shoulders, and she had moved his chair around the corner of the table so he was sitting flush against you, his massive thigh pressing against yours.

"You know," you slurred slightly, feeling bold and pleasantly lightheaded as you speared a piece of the star-anise glazed pear. "You're always giving the orders. It's exhausting being the only one following instructions."

You held the pear up to his lips, echoing his earlier pose. "I command the King to partake. Eat, Orf. That's an order from your trainer."

Orfevre froze. His ears pinned back for a split second, and a vivid, crimson flush crept up his neck, clashing beautifully with his orange hair. He looked at the pear, then at you, his eyes wide with a rare, flickering vulnerability.

"You... you dare?" He whispered, though there was no heat in it. "To turn a King's own tactics against him?"

"I dare," you challenged, leaning closer until you could smell the expensive floral scent of his hair and the sharp tang of the wine. "Come on. Don't be a coward, Your Majesty."

With a huff that was half-indignant and half-endeared, he leaned down, his lips brushing your fingers as he took the fruit from your fork. He chewed slowly, his gaze never leaving yours. For a moment, the bustling restaurant disappeared.

"It is... sufficient," he said softly, his hand moving to cover yours on the table, his large fingers intertwining with yours. He didn't pull away. Instead, he leaned his head down, resting his forehead against yours for a brief, breathtaking second.

"You are a troublesome possession," he breathed, his eyes lidded and soft with drink and affection. "But I suppose... I shall allow you to continue this insolence. For tonight."

You laughed softly, squeezing his hand.

Though as the final dregs of the wine had left a pleasant, buzzing hum in your skull, making the candlelight dance just a little too brightly against the crystal. Orfevre watched you with a look of intense, quiet satisfaction, his tail swaying behind his chair like a l pendulum of

gold.

When the bill finally arrived—presented on a silver tray with the kind of gravity usually reserved for peace treaties—you felt a momentary spike of sobriety. Your eyes widened at the string of zeros.

"Orf, wait," you murmured, fumbling for your clutch.

"Let me at least... I have a bonus from the last G1 win. I can cover the appetizers and the tip."

Orfevre let out a short, sharp bark of laughter, a sound of genuine amusement that turned heads across the quiet dining room. He didn't even look at the bill, casually tossing a black card onto the tray. "Your 'bonus', trainer? Keep your pocket change. The King does not allow his property to fret over such trifles."

"I'm serious," you insisted, stubbornly sliding a small stack of bills onto the tray. It was a drop in the ocean compared to the total, but it was the principle. "Consider it my tribute for uh… tonight?"

He paused, looking from the small stack of cash to your determined face. A slow, wickedly fond smirk spread across his lips. "A tribute? Hmph. Very well. I shall accept this meager offering. It is... charmingly quaint." He reached out, his gloved hand catching yours and squeezing it firmly. "Stand. The air in here has grown stagnant. I wish to feel the wind, and you look as though you might tip over if left to your own devices."

He wasn't entirely wrong. As you stood, the world did a slow, graceful pirouette. Your heels, which had felt manageable three glasses of wine ago, now felt like stilts made of glass. Orfevre was on his feet instantly, tucking your hand firmly into the crook of his elbow, his muscular arm feeling like a literal pillar of granite.

"Steady," he rumbled, his voice coursing through your side. "We have not spent months together perfecting physicality simply for you to collapse on a rug."

"I'm fine, I'm fine," you giggled, leaning heavily into him. "The floor is just... more uphill than I remember."

The walk out was a blurred montage of bowing staff and whispering patrons, but the real challenge presented itself at the marble staircase leading down to the valet. The steps looked steep, slick, and altogether too numerous. You hesitated at the top, your balance

wavering as the cool night air hit your face.

"Orfevre, I think these stairs are out to get me," you whispered, clutching his arm.

"And a King does not allow his possessions to be damaged by mere masonry," he declared.

Before you could protest, he shifted. In one fluid, terrifyingly powerful motion, he swept his arm behind your knees and the other behind your back. You let out a small, startled yelp as you were hoisted into the air, the world tilting violently until you were cradled against his chest.

"Orf! Put me down, everyone’s looking!" you laughed, your face flushing a deep scarlet as you instinctively wrapped your arms around his neck.

"Let them look," he countered, his stride never faltering as she began to descend the stairs with effortless grace. "They should be envious. They see a King carrying parading around a most precious treasure. It is a sight they shall tell their grandchildren about."

He held you with a terrifying ease, his chest broad and solid beneath your hands, the scent of his expensive cologne enveloping you. The sheer scale of him—the way his arms felt heavy yet gentle—made you feel small, safe, and utterly cherished.

You looked up at him, at the sharp line of his jaw and the way the moonlight caught the golden ornaments in his hair. The sarcasm died in your throat, replaced by a sudden, wine-soaked surge of genuine adoration.

"You're a ridiculous, overbearing tyrant," you whispered, pulling yourself up further.

"And you are an insolent, pampered vassal," he breathed back.

You didn't give him a chance to issue another decree.

You leaned in, capturing his lips with yours. Orfevre stiffened for a fraction of a second, a low, surprised hum vibrating in his throat, before he joined you. He tightened his grip on you, his hand firmly around your back as he kissed you back with all the unchecked hunger and arrogance of a monarch claiming his kingdom.

High above the pavement, held in the arms of your monarch, you decided that being a vassal wasn't such a bad fate after all.

End Notes

Orf piss fic next I swear

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!